

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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HOME TREASURY

BALLADS

BALLADS OF
CHEVY CHASE.

TALES

JOSEPH CUNDALL.



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LO! YONDER DOTH EARL DOUGLAS COME.

CHEVY CHASE
11

The Home Treasury.

~~~~~  
THE

*Ancient and Modern Ballads*

OF

CHEVY CHASE :

WITH

NOTES, MUSIC, AND NEW PICTURES BY

F.



LONDON:

JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

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1844.

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## PREFACE.



THE spelling in both ballads has been modernized, it is believed, for the first time, and the ballads, especially the more ancient, rendered more generally intelligible. Precedents for the change may be found in the works of Shakspeare and others. The modern spelling has been adopted only in those cases where it could be done without destroying the rhythm, or actually changing the word itself. Where the phrase or word was so antiquated as not to seem quite intelligible, the meaning has been given. If young readers still find the older ballad hard to

understand, then they can at once betake themselves to the modern version at p. 40.

Dr. Percy's introductions have been reprinted because it did not appear easy to write others better or more complete.

F. S.



# CHEVY CHASE.

*Slow and plaintively.*

*From Chappell's Collection of  
Ancient English Melodies.*

*w.*

The first system of musical notation for 'Chevy Chase'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p.*) dynamic. The melody is simple and plaintive. The lyrics 'God prosper long our no-ble King Our' are written below the treble staff.

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The melody continues with the lyrics 'lives and safe-ties all A woeful hunt-ing'. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a forte (*sf.*) marking. The melody concludes with the lyrics 'once there did In Chevy - Chase be - - - fall.' The bass staff continues with a simple accompaniment.

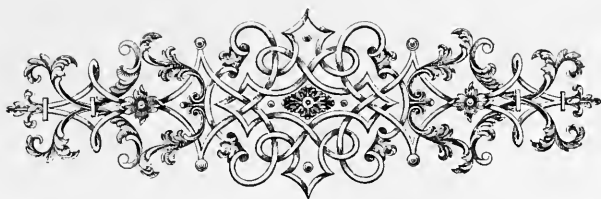
I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude style; which beeing so evill appavelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare !

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.



THE ANCIENT BALLAD  
OF  
CHEVY-CHASE.





## THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

**T**HE fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.

Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique\* on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of the common-received copy; † for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the elogium of Sir Philip Sidney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself I have here recovered the genuine antique poem; the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil-apparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.

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\* Spectator, No. 70, 74.

† See page 40.

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to *Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist.* 1719, 8vo. vol. i. To the MS. copy is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale;\* whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes (i.e. Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*), will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, *The Complaint of Scotland*† (fol. 42), under the title of the *Huntis of Chevet*, where the two following lines are also quoted :

The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette  
That day, that day, that gentil day :

which though not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed, whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI: as on the other hand the mention of *James the Scottissh King*, with one or two anachronisms, forbids us to assign it an earlier date. King James I. who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father,‡ did not wear the crown of Scotland

\* Subscribed after the usual manner of our old poets, *explicit* (explicit) *quoth Rychard Sheale*.

† One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press, now to be found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted: but it is supposed to have been printed in 1540. See Ames.

‡ Who died Aug 5, 1406, in the 7th year of our Hen. IV.



till the second year of our Henry VI.\* but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne.† A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

So much for the date of this old ballad : with regard to its subject, although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies. There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour ; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the *Hunting a' the Cheviat*.‡ Percy earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave from earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord-warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force : this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two

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\* James I. was crowned May 22, 1424 ; murdered Feb. 21, 1436-7.

† In 1460.—Hen. VI. was deposed 1461 ; restored and slain, 1471.

‡ This was the original title.

parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the *Battle of Otterbourne*,\* a very different event, but which aftertimes would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of *Chevy-Chase*, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two subjects together: if indeed the lines in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS.; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalogue. No. 2253. s. 29, 34, 61, 70, & *passim*.

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\* Printed in the 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry.'





## THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

THE FIRST FYT OR PART.

**T**HE Percy out of Northumberland  
And a vow to God made he,  
That he would hunt in the mountains  
Of Cheviot within days three :  
In the mauger\* of doughty Douglas 5  
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot  
He said he would kill and carry them away :  
“ By my faith,” said the doughty Douglas again,  
“ I will let † that hunting if that I may !” 10

---

\* In spite of—maugre—malgré.

† Hinder.

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,  
 With him a mighty many\*;  
 With fifteen hundred Archers bold  
 They were chosen out of Shires three.†

This began on a Monday at morn 15  
 In Cheviot the hills so high :  
 The child may rue that is unborn,  
 It was the more pity.

The drivers through the woods went,  
 For to rouse the deer : 20  
 - Bowmen bicker'd‡ upon the bent,§  
 With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild|| through the woods went  
 On every side sheer :

\* Company.

† There are three districts in Northumberland which still are called shires ; Islandshire, Norhamshire, and Bamboroughshire, all near to the Cheviot Hills.

‡ Attacked, or skirmished.

§ A declivity of land, the field : so in Chaucer,

“ And downward from a hill under a bent,”—

|| That is, the wild animals went.

Greyhounds through the groves glent,\* — 25  
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot, the hills above,  
Early on a Monnyn day ; †  
By that it drew to the hour of noon  
A hundred fat harts dead there lay. 30

They blew a mort ‡ upon the bent,  
They assembled on sides sheer ;  
To the quarry then the Percy went,  
To see the britling ¶ of the deer.

He said, “It was the Douglas promise, 35  
“ This day to meet me here,  
But I wist § he would fail veriment : ” ||  
A great oath the Percy sware.

---

\* Glanced through.

† Moonning, that is, Monday.

‡ To blow a *mort*, is to sound a particular air called a *mort*, to give notice that the deer was killed.

¶ Cutting up.

§ Knew.

|| Truly, in truth.

At the last a squire of Northumberland  
Looked at his hand full nigh : 40  
He was aware of the doughty Douglas coming,  
With him a mighty many.

Both with spear, bill,\* and brand,  
It was a mighty sight to see,  
Hardier men both of heart and hand 45  
Were not in Christianty.†

They were twenty hundred spearmen good  
Withouten any fail,  
They were borne along by the water of Tweed  
In the bounds of Teviotdale. 50

“ Leave off the britling of the deer,” he said,  
“ And to your bows take good heed,  
“ For never since ye were of your mothers born  
“ Had ye ever so mickle‡ need.”

The doughty Douglas on a steed, 55  
He rode at his men beforne,

---

\* A beaked axe.

† Christendom.

‡ Much.

His armour glitter'd as did a glede,\* —  
A bolder bairn† was never born.

“ Tell me what men ye are,” he says,  
“ Or whose men that ye be, 60  
“ Who gave you leave to hunt in this  
“ Cheviot Chase in spite of me ?”

The first man that ever him an answer made,  
It was the good lord Percy :  
“ We will not tell thee what men we are,” he says,  
“ Nor whose men that we be, 66  
“ But we will hunt here in this chase,  
“ In the spite of thine and of thee. —

“ The fattest harts in all Cheviot,  
“ We have killed and cast‡ to carry them away.”  
“ By my troth,” said the doughty Douglas again,  
“ For this the one of us shall die this day.”

---

\* Anything glowing or red hot, a live coal :

“ Wax upon a glede will burn.”—*Piers Ploughman*.

“ Red as any glede.”—*Chaucer*.

† Child, youth.

‡ Determined.

Then said the doughty Douglas  
Unto the Lord Percy,  
“ To kill all these guiltless men,  
“ Alas ! it were great pity.” 75

“ But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,  
“ I am an earl called within my country ;  
“ Let all our men upon a party stand,  
“ And do the battle of thee and me.” 80

“ Now Christ’s curse on his crown,”\* said the  
Lord Percy,  
“ Whosoever thereto says nay :  
“ By my troth,† doughty Douglas,” he says,  
“ Thou shalt never see that day ;

“ Neither in England, Scotland, nor France, 85  
“ Nor for no man of a woman born,  
“ But (if fortune be my chance)  
“ I dare meet him one man for one.”

---

\* Head.

† Truth.



Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,  
Roger Witherington was his name : 90  
“ It shall never be told in South England,” he says,  
“ To King Henry the Fourth for shame.

“ I wit\* that you are two great lords,  
“ I am a poor squire of land ;  
“ I will never see my captain fight on a field, 95  
“ And stand myself and look on ;  
“ But while I may my weapon wield,  
“ I will not fail both heart and hand.”

That day, that day, that dreadful day,  
The first Fyt† here I find ; 100  
If you will hear any more of the hunting of the  
Cheviot,  
There is yet more behind.

---

\* Know.

† Or part.



## THE SECOND FYT.

The English men had their bows bent,  
Their hearts were good enough ;  
The first\* of arrows that they shot off, 105  
Seven score spear-men they slew.

Yet bides † the Earl Douglas on the bent ‡  
A captain good enough,  
And that was seen verament §  
For he wrought them both woe and wouche. ||

The Douglas parted his host in three,  
Like a chief chieftain of pride ;  
With sure spears of mighty tree,  
They came in on every side.

Though our English archery 115  
Gave many a wound full wide ;

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\* i.e. First flight.

† Abides, stays.

‡ As before "on the declining ground," or field.

§ In truth.

|| Mischief, evil ; from the Saxon wohg.

Many a doughty they gard\* to die,  
Which gained them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be,  
And pulled out brands† that were bright ;  
It was a heavy sight to see 121  
Bright swords on basnets‡ light. —

Through rich mail and maniple,§  
Many stern they struck down straight,  
Many a freke|| that was full free 125  
There under foot did 'light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,  
Like two captains of might and main,  
They struck together till they both sweat,  
With swords that were of fine Milan.¶ 130

These worthy freikes, for to fight  
Thereto they were full fain,

\* Made.

† Swords.

‡ Helmets.

§ Ornament on the hand.

|| Person.

¶ Good steel came from Milan in Italy.

Till the blood out of their basnets spirted,  
As ever did hail or rain.

“ Hold thee, Percy,” said the Douglas, 135  
“ And in faith I shall thee bring,  
“ Where thou shalt have an earl’s wages  
“ Of James our Scottish King :

“ Thou shalt have thy ransome free,  
“ I hight\* thee, hear this thing, 140  
“ For the manfullest man yet art thou,  
“ That ever I conquered in field fighting.”

“ Nay then,” said the Lord Percy,  
“ I told it thee beforne,  
“ That I would never yielded be 145  
“ To man of a woman born.”

With that there came an arrow hastily,  
Forth of a mighty one :  
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas  
In at the breast bone ; 150

Through liver and lungs both  
The sharp arrow is gone,  
That never after, in all his life's days,  
He spake no words but one, 154  
That was, "Fight ye, my merrymen, while ye may,  
"For my life's days are gone."

The Percy leaned on his brand,  
And saw the Douglas die ;  
He took the dead man by the hand,  
And said, "Woe is me for thee ! 160

"To have saved thy life, I would have parted with  
"My lands for years three,  
"For a better man of heart, or of hand,  
"Was not in all the north country."

Of all that see, a Scottish knight 165  
Was called Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
He saw the Douglas to death was dight,\*  
He spanked † a spear, a trusty tree ;

---

\* Ready to die.

† Grasped.

He rode upon a courser,  
Through a hundred archery, 170  
He never stinted\* nor ever blane†  
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy  
A stroke that was fall sore,  
With a sure spear of a mighty tree 175  
Clean through the body he the Percy bore,

At the other side that a man might see  
A large cloth yard and more ;  
Two better captains were not in Christianty,  
Than that day slain were there. 180

An archer of Northumberland,  
Saw slain was the Lord Percy ;  
He bare a bent-bow in his hand  
Made of a trusty tree.

An arrow that a cloth yard was long, 185  
To the hard steel hauled he,

---

\* Stopped.

† Lingered.

A dint\* that was both sad and sore,  
He set on Sir Hugh Montgomery.

The dint it was both sad and sore  
That he on Montgomery set ; 190  
The swan-feathers that his arrow bore,  
With his heart blood were wet.

There was never a freike one foot would flee  
But still in stour † did stand,  
Hewing each other while they might draw, 195  
With many a baleful ‡ brand.

This battle began in Cheviot,  
An hour before the noon,  
And when even-song bell was rung  
The battle was not half done. 200

---

\* Blow :

“ ——— their *dints* were so sore  
There was none against them might sustain.”

*Chaucer.*

† Stir, contest.

‡ Hurtful.

They took on\* on either hand  
By the light of the moon ;  
Many had no strength for to stand  
On the Cheviot hills aboun.†

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,                    205  
Went away but fifty and three ;  
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,  
But even five and fifty :

But all were slain Cheviot within :  
They had no strength to stand on high ;    210  
The child may rue that is unborn,  
It was the more pity.

There was slain with the Lord Percy  
Sir John of Agerstone,  
Sir Roger the hind‡ Hartly,                                    215  
Sir William the bold Heron

Sir George the worthy Lovel,  
A knight of great renown ;

---

\* i. e. set on each other.

† Above.

‡ Gentle.



Sir Ralph the rich Rugby,  
With strokes were beaten down. 220

For Witherington my heart was woe  
That ever he slain should be ;  
For when both his legs were hewn in two  
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas 225  
Sir Hugh the Montgomery,  
Sir Davy Lewdale,\* that worthy was,  
His sister's son was he.

Sir Charles Murray in that place,  
That never a foot would flee ; 230  
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,  
With the Douglas did he die.

So on the morrow they made them biers,  
Of birch and hazel so gray,  
Many widows, with weeping tears, 235  
Came to fetch their makes† away.

---

\* Liddell.

† Consorts. "To wed me if my *make* die."—*Chaucer*.

Teviotdale may speak of care,  
Northumberland may make great moan,  
For two such captains as slain were there,  
On the march party shall never be known.

Word is come to Edinburgh, 241  
To James the Scottish king,  
That doughty Douglas, the lieutenant of the  
marches,  
He lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands did he weal\* and wring, 245  
He said, "Alas! and woe is me!  
"Such another captain, Scotland within,  
"He said, in faith should never be."

Words are come to lovely London,  
To the fourth Harry our King, 250  
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the marches,  
He lay slain Cheviot within.

" God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,  
 " Good Lord, if thy will it be ;  
 " I have a hundred captains in England," he said,  
 " As good as ever was he :  
 " But, Percy, an I brook\* my life,  
 " Thy death well requited † shall be."

As our noble king made his vow,  
 Like a noble prince of renown, 260  
 For the death of the Lord Percy  
 He did the battle of Humbledown. ‡

Where six and thirty Scottish knights  
 On a day were beaten down ;

\* Enjoy, i. e. if I live.

† Avenged.

‡ Dr. Percysays, "The Battle of Homylldown, or Humbledown, was fought Sept. 14, 1402, (in the second year of Hen. IV.) wherein the English under the command of the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur gained a complete victory over the Scots. The village of Humbledown is one mile north-west from Wooler in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village near the present turnpike road, in a spot called ever since Red Riggs. Humbledown is in Glendale Ward, a district so named in this county, and mentioned in ver. 265.



Jesus Christ our balys bete,\*

And to the bliss us bring!

280

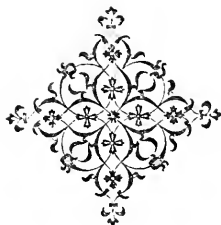
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot:

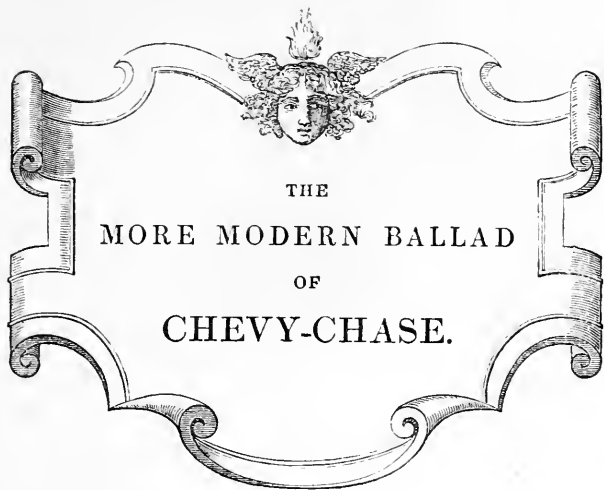
God send us all good ending.

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\* Remedy our evils.













## THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.



AT the beginning we gave the old original song of “Chevy Chase.” The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine heroic ballad. It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has every where improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction; yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsoleteness of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever may appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy exprest in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect: See the stanza,

For Witherington my heart is woe,  
That ever he slain should be:  
For when his legs were hewn in two,  
He knelt and fought on his knee.

So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy:

The dint it was both sad and sore,  
He on Montgomery set :  
The swan-feathers his arrow bore  
With his heart's blood were wet.

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long-bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery ; while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear : this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset is to the following effect :

“ The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being over-ruled ; the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy : but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who as soon as the English had discharged their first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives.” In the midst of this general engagement, at length, the two great earls met, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe ; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this : whereas, the modern copy, though in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. “ Yet

bydys the yerl Douglas upon the *bent*," evidently signifies " Yet the earl Douglas abides in the *field*:" whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by bent, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject :\*

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Douglas had the bent.

One may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field, without any reproachful reflection on either : though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England  
Went away but fifty and three ;  
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,  
But even five and fifty.

He attributes *flight* to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to flee, some reviser of North Briton has turned his own arms against him, and printed an edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed :

Of fifteen hundred Scottish speirs  
Went hame but fifty-three :  
Of twenty hundred Englishmen  
Scarce fifty-five did flee.

---

\* In the present edition, instead of the unmeaning lines here censured, an insertion is made of four stanzas modernized from the ancient copy.

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 240 and 249. From that edition I have here reformed the Scottish names, which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so ; for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Queen Elizabeth, I think may be made appear ; nor yet does it seem to be older than the beginning of the last century.\*

Sir Philip Sidney, when he complains of the antiquated phrase of Chevy Chase, could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time,

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\* A late writer has started a notion that the modern copy "was written to be sung by a party of English, headed by a Douglas in the year 1524 ; which is the true reason why, at the same time that it gives the advantage to the English soldiers above the Scotch ; it gives so lovely and so manifestly superior a character to the Scotch commander above the English." See Say's *Essay on the Numbers of Paradise Lost*, 4to. 1745, p. 167.

This appears to me a groundless conjecture : the language seems too modern for the date above mentioned ; and had it been printed even so early as Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think I should have met with some copy wherein the first line would have been,

God prosper long our noble queen,

as was the case with "The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green."

appears from the phrase "doleful dumps;" which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable (see 'A Song to the Lute in Musicke,' Song 5, ver. 2.): yet, in about half a century after it was become burlesque. Vide *Hudibras*, Part I. c. iii. ver. 95.

This much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison. With regard to its subject: it has already been considered. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the *Memoirs of Carey Earl of Monmouth*, 8vo. 1759, p. 165; whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their grey-hounds for deer;" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chase, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well armed: for, upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, though he had given especial order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.



## THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

**G**OD prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all ;  
A woeful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall :

To drive the deer with hound and horn,      5  
Earl Percy took his way,  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,      10  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer's days to take ;









TO DRIVE THE DEER WITH HOUND AND HORN.



The chieftest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away.

These tidings to Earl Douglas came, 15  
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Percy present word,  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English earl, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort, 20

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold ;  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran, 25  
To chase the fallow deer :  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
Ere day-light did appear ;

And long before high noon they had  
An hundred fat bucks slain ; 30  
Then having dined, the drovers went  
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure ;  
Their backsides all, with special care, 35  
That day were guarded sure.

Their hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take,\*  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make. 40

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughter'd deer ;  
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here.

---

\* The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent wastes are at present void of deer, and almost stript of their woods: but formerly they had enough of both to justify the description attempted here and in the ancient ballad of "Chevy Chase." Leyland in the reign of Hen. VIII., thus describes this county: "In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chivet Hills; where is much brushe-wood, and some okke; grownde ovargrowne with linge, and some with mosse. I have harde say that Chivet-Hills stretchethe xx miles. There is greate plenté of redde-dere, and roo bukkes." Itin. vol. vii. p. 56. This passage, which did not occur when the ballad was printed off, confirms the accounts there given of the "stagge" and the "roe."

But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay.” 45

With that, a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the Earl did say :

“ Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright ; 50  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivvydale,  
Fast by the river Tweed :”  
“ O cease your sports,” Earl Percy said, 55  
“ And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For there was never champion yet,  
In Scotland nor in France, 60

That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spear.”

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,                    65  
    Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
    Whose armour shone like gold.

“ Show me,” said he, “ whose men you be,  
    That hunt so boldly here,                                    70  
That, without my consent, do chase  
    And kill my fallow-deer.”

The first man that did answer make,  
    Was noble Percy he ;  
Who said, “ We list not to declare,                            75  
    Nor shew whose men we be :

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
    Thy chiefest harts to slay.”  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
    And thus in rage did say,                                    80

“ Ere thus I will outbraved be,  
    One of us two shall die :  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
    Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside.” 90  
“ Accurst be he,” Earl Percy said,  
“ By whom this is denied.”

Then stept a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, “ I would not have it told 95  
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You be two earls,” said Witherington,  
“ And I a squire alone : 100

I’ll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand :  
While I have power to wield my sword  
I’ll fight with heart and hand.”

Our English archers bent their bows,      105  
    Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
    Full fourscore Scots they slew.

\*[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,  
    As chieftain stout and good.      110  
As valiant captain, all unmoved  
    The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
    As leader ware and tried,  
And soon his spearmen on their foes      115  
    Bare down on every side.

---

\* The four stanzas here inclosed in brackets, which are borrowed chiefly from the ancient copy, are offered to the reader instead of the following lines, which occur in the editor's folio manuscript.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
    Douglas bade on the bent  
Two captains moved with mickle might  
    Their spears to shivers went.



Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound :  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground : 120

And throwing straight their bows away,  
They grasp'd their swords so bright :  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on every side, 125  
No slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! It was a grief to see,  
And likewise for to hear, 130  
The cries of men lying in their gore,  
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,  
Like captains of great might :  
Like lions wild, they laid on loud, 135  
And made a cruel fight :

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of temper'd steel ;  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel. 140

“ Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said :  
“ In faith I will thee bring,  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransom I will freely give, 145  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight,  
That ever I did see.”

“ No, Douglas,” quoth Earl Percy then,  
“ Thy proffer I do scorn ; 150  
I will not yield to any Scot,  
That ever yet was born.”

With that, there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart, 155  
A deep and deadly blow :







WITH THAT THERE CAME AN ARROW KEEN.



Who never spake more words than these,

“ Fight on, my merry men all ;

For why, my life is at an end ;

Lord Percy sees my fall.” 160

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took

The dead man by the hand ;

And said, “ Earl Douglas, for thy life

Would I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed 165

With sorrow for thy sake ;

For sure, a more redoubted knight

Mischance could never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was

Which saw Earl Douglas die, 170

Who straight in wrath did vow revenge

Upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,

Who, with a spear most bright,

Well mounted on a gallant steed, 175

Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And pass'd the English archers all,  
Without all dread or fear ;  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear ; 180

With such a vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die, 185  
Whose courage none could stain :  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree ; 190  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Up to the head drew he :

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
So right the shaft he set,  
The grey goosewing that was thereon, 195  
In his heart's blood was wet.



This fight did last from break of day,  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening-bell, \*  
The battle scarce was done. 200

With stout Earl Percy, there was slain  
Sir John of Egerton, †  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James that bold Baròn :

And with Sir George and stout Sir James, 205  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,  
As one in doleful dumps ; ‡ 210  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps.

---

\* Sc. the Curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock : to which the modernizer apparently alludes, instead of the "Evensong bell," or bell for vespers, of the original author, before the Reformation.

† For the surnames, see the notes at the end of the ballad.

‡ i.e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood. The old MS. reads "wofull dumpes."

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain  
Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field      215  
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,  
His sister's son was he ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
Yet saved could not be.      220

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Earl Douglas die ;  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,      225  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,  
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail ;      230  
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.







NEXT DAY DID MANY WIDOWS COME .



Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,  
They bare with them away :  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times, 235  
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain : 240

“ O heavy news,” King James did say,  
“ Scotland may witness be,  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he.”

Like tidings to King Henry came, 245  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy Chase :

“ Now God be with him,” said our king,  
“ Sith it will no better be ; 250  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,  
But I will vengeance take :  
I'll be revenged on them all, 255  
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd  
After, at Humbledown ;  
In one day, fifty knights were slain,  
With lords of great renown : 260

And of the rest, of small account,  
Did many thousands die :  
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chase,  
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land 265  
With plenty, joy, and peace ;  
And grant henceforth, that foul debate  
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

---

\* \* A new edition of "Collins's Peerage," 1779, &c. nine vols. 8vo. contains, in volume ii. p. 344, an historical passage, which may be thought to throw considerable light on the subject of the preceding ballad: viz.



“ In this .... year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland (2nd Earl, son of Hotspur] and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the borders, rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy Chase; which to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious.” See Ridpath’s *Border Hist.* 4to. p. 401.

The surnames in the foregoing ballad are altered, either by accident or design, from the old original copy, and in common editions extremely corrupted. They are here rectified, as much as they could be. Thus,

Ver. 202, “ Egerton.”] This name is restored (instead of Oger-ton, com. ed.) from the Editor’s folio manuscript. The pieces in that manuscript appear to have been collected, and many of them composed (among which might be this ballad), by an inhabitant of Cheshire, who was willing to pay a compliment here to one of his countrymen, of the eminent family *de* or *of* Egerton (so the name was first written) ancestors of the present Duke of Bridgewater; and this he could do with the more propriety, as the Percies had formerly great interest in that county: at the fatal battle of Shrewsbury all the flower of the Cheshire gentlemen lost their lives fighting in the cause of Hotspur.

Ver. 203. “ Ratcliff.”] This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland. Edw. Radcliffe, miles. was sheriff of that county in 17 of Hen. VII. and others of the same surname afterwards. (See Fuller, p. 313.) Sir George Ratcliff, Knt. was one of the

commissioners of inclosure in 1552. (See Nicholson, p. 330.) Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715. The Editor's folio manuscript, however, reads here, "Sir Robert Hareliffe and Sir William."

The Hareleys were an eminent family in Cumberland. (See Fuller, p. 224.) Whether this may be thought to be the same name, I do not determine.

Ver. 204. "Baron."] This is apparently altered (not to say corrupted) from Hearone.

Ver. 207. "Raby."] This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham. Yet it is written Rebbye, in the fol. manuscript, and looks like a corruption of Rugby or Rokeby, an eminent family in Yorkshire. It will not be wondered that the Percies should be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themselves were originally seated, and had always such extensive property and influence.

Ver. 215. "Murray."] So the Scottish copy. In the com. edition it is Carrel or Currel; and Morrell in the fol. manuscript.

Ver. 217. "Murray."] So the Scot. edit. The common copies read Murrel. The folio manuscript gives the line in the following peculiar manner,

Sir Roger Heuer of Hareliffe too.

Ver. 219. "Lamb."] The folio manuscript has

Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed.

This seems evidently corrupted from "Lwdale" or "Liddell," in the old copy of the ballad."

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From what we have said, the reader will infer that we consider this 'Home Treasury' to be rich in profit as well as pleasure. Compare *these* gift books with the old tomes published by Mr. Newbery, backed with a waste morsel of tarnished Dutch paper, and illustrated with woodcuts little better than the portraits of the Royalties on a pack of cards; The cover of Summerly's casket is splendid enough to have been stolen from an Alhambra alcove; the pictures accompanying the 'Nursery Rhymes' are capital. Look at the frontispiece, the King of the Song of Sixpence counting his money in the parlour, while the Queen (wherefore in the kitchen, Mr. Summerly? *our* Queen condescended for her "bread and honey" no lower than the pantry,) is stuffing herself right royally in the back-ground,—why, it is as clever as if a Prize Cartoon Exhibitor had drawn it—suppose one Mr. Horsley. Again, 'Bye, O my baby,' has as much grace and pathos as a picture by Redgrave; while the 'Beggars coming to Town,' with the accompaniment of barking dogs, recalls to us Cope himself; and if Mr. Webster be not guilty of Mother Hubbard, when, returning home, she is surprised by the accomplishments in reading of her dog, he need not have been ashamed of the design—that's all. The boy with the lost hare, too, is capital—a delicious mixture of fright and fun. Will any one assert, that in such an early introduction of our children to what is artistically good, there is no *use*? If such there be, he deserves to be sentenced to read nothing but Pinnock till his dying day.

We have not yet spoken of Felix Summerly as editor. His preface to the 'Nursery Rhymes' is cheerful and wise. As to the correctness of his text, that is a grave matter, every householder being, of course, prepared to maintain the purity of his own version. Our traditions, we are inclined to think, lend themselves better to the toss-up and round-about tunes of the nursery, than some of his. But we will not cavil about their purity. Let the members of the Camden or the Percy Society look to it. In the meantime we announce, with right good will, the opening of his Treasury. It will, of course, yield us faery tales by the dozen, and to all we say "grace and welcome."—ATHENÆUM.

The Editor of these little works is already favourably known as the author of several of the best Guide Books of the present day. We particularly allude to the 'Guide to Hampton Court,' to 'Westminster Abbey,' and to the 'Hand Book for the National Gallery.' Finding it difficult to procure the works which used to amuse the childhood of those now in middle life, especially the works of imagination, he has determined upon reprinting some of the best of these; and several distinguished artists have not thought it beneath them to aid his exertions by what in their case may well be called a labour of love. Accordingly, the pictures are done *con amore*, and very differently from those usually found in children's books; and the painting of the coloured copies, being evidently after the artist's pictures, is such as never hitherto have been seen in books for the young.

The 'Nursery Songs' contain a large collection of the old friends of our infancy chanted in those dark ages when something besides absolute wisdom was permitted to the young. 'Little Red Riding Hood,' another old friend, seemingly destined to immortal youth, is here pictured to the life. 'Sir Hornbook,' a grammatical poem for children (by a distinguished literary character,) which had much celebrity thirty years ago, and was remarkable for the beauty of its illustrations, has now reappeared to delight a new generation; and the scriptural designs of Hans Holbein have a vigour and quaintness exceedingly refreshing after the mawkish illustrations usually found in children's books.—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

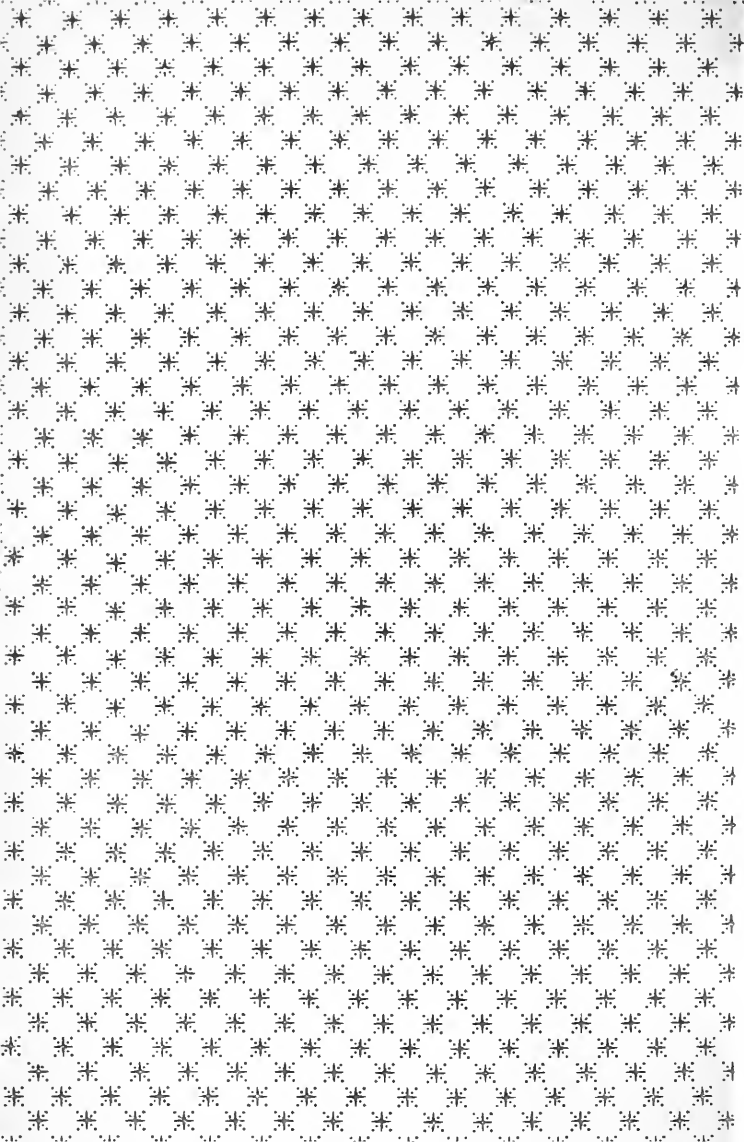
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SPECTATOR.

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